

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LVII No. 33—E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONT., CANADA—FRIDAY, JULY 19th, 1918.

\$1 per year in advance, \$1.50 if not so paid.

W. T. BAIRD
ORGANIST AND CHOIR
DIRECTOR
of Trinity Methodist Church.

Teacher of Piano, Organ, and
Voice Culture.
A few Pupils more will be accepted.
Studio—Dundas Street. 386

MONUMENTS!
Markers, Posts,
Latest Designs.

WORKMANSHIP
GUARANTEED

Place your order now and have
a Monument erected this
spring.

The Napanee Marble Works
MARKET SQUARE.

DOXSEE & CO.

**MID-SUMMER
SALE OF**

MILLINERY

All Trimmed Hats at
a Reduction.

All Colored Hats at
Half Price to Clear.

Untrimmed Colored Shapes
less than Half Price.

Black Shapes all prices to
clear.

We still have a nice selection
of Panama and Straw Hat at MODERATE PRICES.

The Leading Millinery House

NOTICE !
5000 Muskrats Wanted

Highest Price
Guaranteed
Also bring your Beef Hides
and other Skins. Dead direct
with us.

W. G. PAUL,
Office Paisley Home Block,
Phone 101. Market Square
15-16.

**THE
ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA**
Corporated 1869

HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL
Capital Authorized—\$25,000,000
Capital Paid Up—\$14,000,000
Reserves Funds—\$15,000,000
President, Sir Herbert S. Holt;
Vice-President and Managing Director,
E. L. Poole.

General Manager, C. E. Nell.

Money transferred by telegraph or mail and drafts issued on all parts of the world in any currency. All parts of Canada, the West, India, etc., at favorable rates.

W. J. WIGGINS, Manager
Napanee Branch.

**CHEAP
SEED CORN !**

Teeming • \$4.10 bus.

Red Cob • \$4.00 bus.

Mammoth Southern Sweet
\$4.00 bus.

OUR NEW GROCERY
One Door West, is nicely stocked
with First-Class Goods.—A call
will will you.

FRED. A. PERRY,
Dundas Street, Napanee,
ONTARIO.
Opposite Campbell House.

War Summary of The Latest Events

The German effort Wednesday in the battle for the Marne was concentrated on the point that cut the line between Rheims and Châlons. The attack, which was launched with fresh troops, was repulsed with great loss to the Germans by the companion of the mountain and forest, while henceforth the Germans were compelled to fight in the open. The Wood of Courton, a westerly extension of the Mountains of Rheims, was the scene of some of the day's activity. There early in the morning both sides failed. At about eleven o'clock a third attack was made along a mile and a half in the Courtney Wood sector.

The region of wooded ravines through which the Aire Brook flows, where the Germans had held the line there. They sought to take the village of Châlons, but were repulsed. An official report said several Italians, who finally, in a counterattack, drove back the Germans into their own lines. "The Germans had been driven before our lines," says the report, "tightly to the loose lines of our entrenched positions."

The measure of success achieved by the enemy on the western outskirts of Paris was not sufficient to induce him to as yet imperil the French hold upon the Marne, but he secured a footing in the Bois du Bois and threatened to extend his front in a similar converging movement directed against the eastern side of the city. The Germans had gained possession of another part of the banks of the Vesle. The battle here became most fierce near Prayssy and Bapaume, and the Germans admitted that the enemy suffered a sanginary repulse and the French positions were maintained intact.

Another enemy movement which had but little purpose the Germans from the south took form on the Marne. From this river they extended some distance upstream and then turned northward, due south of the Mountain of Rheims. Were the Germans to capture Epernay they would be in a position to converge fire upon the mountain from the south, west and east, as well as from the north, and might thus render the position untenable while sparing themselves the very serious losses involved in a general assault.

Having the French capture of another village north of the Devil's Bridge, the Germans pressed on in the general direction of Epernay.

Berger's English Paris Green in original tin cans. WALLACE'S Drug Store Limited.

The following accounts were ordered:

F. Perry, supplies to poor... 5 00

J. Vanaukenburg, digging lime reports... 1 00

Mr. G. F. Thompson, 25 00

G. T.R. for 72 loads cinders used on Streets, referred to the Streets

On motion the council adjourned, and to stand adjourned until the first regular meeting in September.

CENTREVILLE.

Having been a good crop and is a much better crop than was expected.

All other crops are excellent in this district, owing to the recent heavy rains.

A number of people have been summing up the North Country for bushels, which are said to be good.

There has been a good crop of sunflowers in Chippewa.

John E. Kline, Brantville, is spending a couple of weeks at Chas. Ingoldby's.

John Orangeman spent the Twelfth in Deseronto.

Mr. Robert McMillan has his new home in the town of Elizabethtown.

Some of our young men, who have joined the colors, are home on leave.

Several more autos have made their appearance.

ODESSA.

Mr. Herbert Kendall, late of Montreal, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Clyde.

Mrs. Harry Perry, Lindsay, has returned from a vacation in the U.S.A.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. McLean, Archibald Balcock and family, of Manotick, visited relatives last week.

The Canadian Association affords a practical demonstration, in the attitude of the banks of the St. Lawrence River, to the active participation of the Association in the campaign is bound to strengthen and increase its influence in farm life.

The annual competition will be held at Centreville Fall Fair this year, and boys and girls living in certain towns should look out for it.

It will be held in each district—or county, township or School Fair.

These competitions are open to all.

The rules and other information from the manager of any branch bank in Boys and girls, living near Centreville, Enterprise and Moscow, wish to enter may procure all information and forms from

F. J. HUNTER,
Manager, Royal Bank of Canada,
Enterprise, Ont.

10,000 BAGS WANTED !

The undersigned is in the market for bags and wants to buy them.

For Jute Bag, Feed, Sugar and Flour Bags.

Also 100 old Carpet, Old Worn-out

Bags and Haggings, Copper, Brass,

Lead, Zinc, Tin, Iron, Metal, Auto Tires, Old Rags, Horse Hair

and man (tail), Scraps Iron and

Steel, Scrap Metal, old leather, opposite the Campbell House, Napanee.

Don't sell your old material to a travelling pedlar, but gather it up and bring it to me and get the highest price for it. I am located at 206 King Street, Napanee.

G. T. or C. N. Ry., and I will make prompt return for same.

CHAS. STEVENS,
Napanee.

274½

Eat less

Bread

Printed and packed in

25 Cent Packages.

The Express Printing House.

Butter Paper

Printed and packed in

25 Cent Packages.

The Express Printing House.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber, July 19th, 1918.

Council met in regular session on

Monday evening. Mayor J. E. Robins

opened the meeting.

Mr. Robins, Mayor of Napanee,

Mr. John Dally, member of the council,

Richard street, he ran into a hole in

the road with his car and broke the

front end of his car.

The cost of repairs was \$10.00.

Referred to the Streets Committee.

A communication was read from

Chief of Police on the subject of

the removal of cars on the streets.

He advised that the council incorpo-

rated the Napanee Streets by Law.

He further advised that the Streets

Committee had recommended

the removal of cars.

Referred to the Fire Department.

The Finance Committee reported

on the roll for 1918.

The amount outstanding on

the roll is \$645.00.

Report of Auditor.

Mr. G. F. Thompson Tax collector for the Town of Napanee for the year

1917, presented his report.

Mr. C. H. Lapun tendered for the year

1917, his report and audit and

station was passed.

At the meeting of the council on

August 1st, 1918, and continuing for

the month of August, the amount

to pay the sum of \$200.00, payable

monthly installments.

On motion of Mr. C. H.

Lapun was accepted.

RECOMMENDATION OF THE

STREETS COMMITTEE.

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Ellis Little, Horace, and Bertie Lunn, for Bertie Whaley, Bertie Lunn, Annie Gonyou.

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Tires, Old Rags, Horse Hair

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Steel, Enterprise and Moscow,

Lead and Zinc, old leather, and

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CANADA FOOD BOARD

EDUCATIONAL DIVISION.

Canada's new wheat crop will not reach the consuming public as flour until October at least and in the meantime this country will have a short of wheat flour. We have as had a large amount of old flour which is much wheat as possible to the Allies giving them a considerable share of our supplies. This old flour has come onto the market and the corner grocery stores have been compelled to substitute it, therefore becomes an important necessity in this country and one person has suggested that substitutes with methods successfully used in Germany.

On the first of July the Canada Food Board began effective regulation of flour. All flour, except housewives' also, to go 10 per cent. substitute flour. On the 15th of July the flour rationing was increased to 20 per cent. in all of Canada and the same applies to the rest of the continent. The question that will arise in each person's mind, what are substitutes for wheat? They are to be had and how are they to be had?

Under the new law, the flour

rationing is to be had by

housewives with methods

successfully used in

Germany.

The new law, however, does not

allow for the use of

substitutes in bread making

as defined by the new law,

the flour rationing is to be had

by housewives with methods

successfully used in

Germany.

There are two ways to

make bread with

substitutes. One way is to

use a large amount of

water and a small amount

of flour.

They are to be had by

housewives with methods

successfully used in

Germany.

These two ways to make

bread with substitutes are

now available throughout the

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Copyright, 1916, by Little, Brown & Co.

"How is it going to end, the fire?" Stella forced herself to ask. "Will you and Jack be able to save any timber? I hope so. It's the only way the meantime the boys keep it from jumping the fire trails we've cut I'll get by with a few more miles of trail than Jack's done for. He won't have anything but his dogies and gear and part of a cedar limber he's got left for. He had practically everything tied up in that big block of timber around the point. Monahan must have been like water to hold his own. Jack's broke."

Benton had dropped. Benton reached out and brawled from the stress of fire fighting, and covered her son's fingers that were cold.

"It's a pity everything's gone to pot like that," Stella said softly. "I've grown a lot-wiser in human ways than I was before. I'm not afraid of the world and Jack a lot, and Linds the rest. It seems like a small share you and Jack can take. I'm not afraid of the world never chirped. I've just guessed it the last few weeks. I owe him a lot that he'll never let me pay back in the fighting he did for us. He's been through the worst of it from every direction. He grins and doesn't say anything. But I know he's been through something much wrong between you and two. Who don't you forget your pretty larceny, though, start all over again."

"I know," she whispered. "There are too many scars here to forget."

"You know, though, that better than I do." Benton said thoughtfully.

"It all depends on how you feel. The world is a very bad place, especially to her. It was not a matter of reason or logic, of making any sacrifice for her convenience's sake. It depended solely on the intensity of an emotion she was capable of feeling. She was torn by so many emotions that she could not control them. She was sure the vital, the necessary one.

Her fire had not dug out for Jack Fyfe except that she had to use it to heat the house. She used to feed for Jack junior when he bumped and bruised himself. She had that before and held it out to work.

The nurse came in with a cup of broth for Benton and Stella went away with the doctor. Benton sat down in a sinking of her spirits, and went out to sit on the porch steps. The minutes



"He did start the fire, then?" Stella muttered.

piled into heaps and noon came when Linda wakened. Stella forced herself to swallow a cup of tea, to eat food; then she left Linda sitting with her husband and went back to the porch steps again.

As she sat there a man dressed in the blue suit and mackinaw trod over, high, caked boots of the logger turned in off the road, a burly woodsman that she recognized as one of the night shift.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "I'd go around to Cougar bay if I was you, Mrs. Jack. Her's liable to come in there. You can't get away from the lake this time of year. Everything around there, shade and all, was burned days ago, so there's no place to go. I heard you were sick. How's Charlie?"

"I'm not sick," said Stella. "Now, I'd go around to Cougar bay if I was you, Mrs. Jack. Her's liable to come in there. You can't get away from the lake this time of year. Everything around there, shade and all, was burned days ago, so there's no place to go. I heard you were sick. How's Charlie?"

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"It was common enough in her experience that temporary exhaustion of a logger before her. She knew then for most with boyish souls, boyish interests, that she was not alone. Long ago she had revised those first half-facial estimates of them as gross, gaudy boys who worked hard and drank hard, and considered themselves beyond occupation. They had their weaknesses, but their virtues of abiding loyalty, their sense of duty, their sound directions, were great indeed. They took their lives in their hands on said night. Merit. That did not understand that, but she did."

"What is it, Benton?" she repeated, after a long silence.

"To grins," he answered. "Say, Jack, don't happen to be here, does he?"

"No; he hasn't been here," she told him.

The man's face fell.

"What's wrong?" Stella demanded. She saw the swift dilation that some-thing was wrong.

"Oh, I dunno anything's wrong per-sonally," Benton replied. "Only well, Linda's been down to the hospital. She was at the Springs. We ain't seen her for a couple of days."

"Has she?"

"And he has not come down the lake?"

"I guess not," the logger said. "Oh,

went up the northeast and east a sheet of flame rolling through the trees and down the Conger Hill. Linda was so fastened to her. She clung to her hands and held him to his follows on the beach.

They had come back yet.

"Go up to the mouth of Tumbling creek," Stella ordered.

Barlow swung the Waterlog about, reached his hands and stood up along the shore. Stella sat on a cushioned seat at the back of the pilothouse, hard set and upright. Her hands were so tight and weight that seemed to grow and grow in her breast. That elemental fury raging in the wind made her shrink, but her hands were powerless to stay it. She could only sit and watch and wait, with a sense of helplessness, of despair, of a feeling that she could only bear to let go, fearing for every final dagger of her mind.

"I'm going in," she said. "I'm going in."

She was almost upon them, came an answering word.

"I thought I heard a boat," Barlow exclaimed. "Sufferin' Jerusalem! I'm going in."

He threw his weight on the wheel, sent it hurtling over. The crew still sat silent, watching him. His ten-ton weight scarcely had slackened, and she saw him the helm.

Out of his pocket he took a long leather belt, which he looped over his bow, a ribbed mitten of leather, passing so near that an active eye could have kept the space between them.

"Sufferin' Jerusalem!" Barlow repeated. "I thought I heard a boat." He threw his weight on the wheel, sent it hurtling over. The crew still sat silent, watching him. His ten-ton weight scarcely had slackened, and she saw him the helm.

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